Vngouernd youth, to wayle it with her age,
The parents liue whose children thou hast butcherd,
Old withered plaints to waile it with their age:
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou hast
Misused, ere vsed, by time misused orepast.
King. As I entend to prosper and repent,
So thriue I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile armes, my selfe my selfe confound,
Day yeeld me not thy light, nor night thy rest,
Be opposite, all planets of good lucke
To my proceedings, if with pure hearts loue,
Immaculated devotion, holy thoughts,
I render not thy beauteous princely daughter,
In her consists my happinesse and thine.
Without her follows to this land and me,
To thee, her selfe, and many a Christian soule,
Sad desolation, ruine and decay,
It cannot be auoided but by this:
It will not be auoided but by this:
Therefore good Mother (I must call you so)
Be the atturney of my loue to her.
Pleade what I will be, not what I haue beene,
Not by deserts, but what I will deserue:
Vrge the necessitie and state of times,
And be not peeuish fond in great designes.
Qu. shall I be tempted of the Diuell thus?
King. I, if the Diuell tempt thee to doe good.
Qu. Shall I forget my selfe to be my selfe?
King. I, if your selfes remembrance wrong your selfe.
Qu. But thou didst kill my Children.
Ki. But in your daughters wombe Ile burie them,
Where in that nest of spicerie there shall breed,
Selfes of themselues, to your recomfiture.
Qu. Shall I goe win my daughter to thy will?
King. And bea happy mother by the deed.
Qu. I goe, write to me very shortly.
King. Beare her my true loues kisse: farewell. *Exit Qu.*
Relenting foole, and shallow changing woman. *Enter Rat.*
Rat. My gracious Soueraigne, on the Westerne coast,

Rideth

Rideth a puissant Nauie: To the sh
Throng many doubtfull hollow-h
Vnarm'd, and vnresolu'd to beate
Tis thought that *Richmond* is their
And there they hull, expecting bu
Of *Buckingham* to welcome them a
King. Some light-foot friend, po
Ratcliffe thy selfe, or *Catesby*, where
Cat. Heere my Lord.
Kin. Flie to the Duke: post tho
When thou comest there: dull v
Why standst thou still, and goest
Cat. First mightie soueraigne, l
What from your grace I shall deli
King. O true, good *Catesbie*, bi
The greatest strength and power
And meet me presently at *Salisb*
Rat. What is your highnesse plea
King. Why what wouldst thou
Rat. Your Highnes told me I
King. My mind is chang'd sir,
How now, what newes with you?
Dar. None good my Lord, to pl
Nor none so bad, but it may well b
King. Hoiday, a riddle, neithe
Why doost thou runne so many
When thou maist tell thy tale a n
Once more what newes?
Dar. *Richmond* is on the seas.
King. There let him sinke, and
White liuered runnagate, what d
Dar. I know not mightie soue
King. Well sir, as you guesse, a
Dar. Sturd vp by *Dorset*, *Buck*
He makes for *England*, there to c
King. Is the Chaire empty? I
Is the King dead? the Empire v
What heire of *Yorke* is there aliue
And who is *Englands* King, but g

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